

Exhibit J

August 2, 2023

Honorable Judge Jed S. Rakoff
United States District Court
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York, 10002

Re: United States of America V. Sina Moayed

Dear Judge Rakoff:

Thank you for allowing me to write you this letter. I realize how demanding your schedule must be and I appreciate your time. The last 23 months of incarceration have helped me see clearly the mistakes and wrong decisions I had made that brought disgrace and shame to me and my family. I am ready to face my judgment for my dishonest, regretful and remorseful actions.

I am guilty your honor and I accept full responsibility for the crimes I committed and for harming so many people whose lives depended on me, my three young daughters, my wife my brothers and sisters, my employees and my clients. I realize that they all suffered immensely in the wake of my actions and I have been a disappointment to them all. If I was permitted to speak to them I would say, to my family I beg for your forgiveness for leaving you in destitute, pain and disgrace. To my clients I would beg their forgiveness for the mistrust and lies I left them instead of honesty and reliance. To my adopted country America I would beg her to continue giving the millions of new immigrants who come to her shores seeking safety and security the same opportunities she gave me, and ask her not to judge them by my ungratefulness and illegal actions.

I am responsible for my bad decisions and actions that destroyed lives of my family. I failed to consider and respect the needs and rights of others. I failed to see how my behavior adversely impacted so many lives. I deserved the harshness of life at MDC it allowed me to feel a fraction of the pain and suffering I caused others to feel. Prison has been my awakening, the experience striped me of my pride and self focus. Prison brought me to the the lowest point of my life, it broke me down, took away all I had and started to rebuild me. I am in the process of seeing my self for who I am and see all my faults, insecurities and inefficiencies that I had tried to escape from all my life.

There is no justification for my actions, my traumatic childhood and any anti-anxiety prescriptions I abused, do not by any means excuse me from breaking the law. I was given opportunities to provide an honest service and I failed. Millions of others with similar back grounds and difficulties were given the same opportunities and they excelled in their execution without breaking the law as I did. My nightmares and the dark thoughts I wake up with every morning are testament to the revulsion I feel for my regrets and remorse and for the pain and suffering of others I caused.

I am not the same man who was arrested on May 28, 2021. While prison is a life changing experience and life at MDC is definitely a humbling one. I am unable to think of a more humbling experience. I am one of over a thousand inmates at MDC, all from different walks of life yet we are all the same here. There is no status and we are all equals and we all need to work and maintain our house for the welfare of all of us. It is a challenging life, I have had to learn how to protect my self when my life was threatened and my belongings stolen, but there has been also times when I have felt the strength and the brotherhood of men who come to help an old inmate they just met.

There were many reasons why I contracted work with for the Department of state, chief amongst them was my childhood memory of getting my student visa at the U.S Embassy in Tehran in 1972 to study Geology at the Utah State University in Logan Utah. I clearly remember the nice man dressed in a red coat who handed me my passport and wished me luck. A few years later the Islamic Republic Revolution destroyed the lives of many Iranians and if it was not for America we would have had entirely different and perhaps unfortunate lives. I often shared my story with my clients and friends, and told them why I was doing the Embassy projects. Of course seeing the world and the respect granted to me as a representative of the U.S Government was also very attractive, but in my heart "Design and construction" of an embassy was a small way to pay back to the country that had given me so much.

I was a Designer before I became a builder, I was more meticulous than a typical construction contractor, I was self absorbed with the quality and the delicate balance of design and building aesthetics, as these would have enhanced my status as a designer amongst my peers and clients. Unlike a Construction contractor who are more likely to be dedicated to financial gains and cost controls, I was more dedicated to the functionality of the building, its design and performance for its ultimate users. It is against the fiber of my being to cheat and lie on Material and Methods of construction and for material gains at the cost of aesthetic losses. I would have never neglected the safety and security of our service men and women for project profits, and that is perhaps one the many reasons why our profits were usually minimal.

I realize that even now I may not be trusted, as the true measure of a man is by his deeds, not words. I beg this court, and you, Your Honor, to see the glimmer of light breaking through my dark past to see that there is still hope for me. A chance to balance the scales with my past good deeds. With proper therapy and help I will dedicate the remaining days of my life to helping others in need, for I have learned this is the path to redemption and peace.

During my two years of incarceration, I have learned a lot about myself. I have spent countless hours reflecting on the past in an effort to map out a better future for my family and me. No longer burdened with the desires of personal wants, I see how lost I had been throughout most of my life. How I prayed to false idols of success and pride. I failed myself, my loved ones and society. I sowed the flesh and reaped corruption.

I have also spent a good deal of time studying from the Quran, the Old and New Testaments, Buddha and the Sufi works of Rumi, finding wisdom and solace. All my life I looked but i did not see, I heard but I did not listen, I read but I did not learn, I touched but I did not feel, I gave but I did not replace. I acted recklessly and I was my own worst enemy. Prison creates an environment where one must surrender their mind, body, and soul in order to transform to a higher self. The harshness, pain, and suffering of prison life is an awakening at the charnel house.

I believe that I am now awakened, released, able to see, listen, understand and feel. I stand ready to serve for sake of others and not for my own sake, I have only my humility and the readiness of an empty vessel to be filled with love and truth. I realized now that most of my wounds have been self-inflicted. Though I will carry them the rest of my lifetime and into the next, I am finally free of the burden of chasing the pretentious facade of success. Deep inside me, I have never been driven by greed or want of money. I wanted success, recognition, and validation; to make myself feel less empty, less insecure and more respected and valued as a human being.

I believe that my motivations arose from my childhood experiences in Iran. My father was a high-ranking officer in the Shah's military. My mother was uneducated and merely supervised the house maids, socialized with friends, and entertained guests. I was the youngest of five children. At an early age I was told by my father and older siblings that my mother did not want me, that she had tried to induce an abortion multiple times but was unsuccessful. My mother continued to smoke opium and drink alcohol throughout her pregnancy. I was often left alone as a young child, unsupervised and always felt like an outsider, gradually feeling happier alone than with the others.

The greatest bond I shared with my siblings was the constant fear and terror of our father's physical abuse. Whenever our father was home, we lived in a perpetual state of dread and angst. We suffered frequent beatings for the slightest of perceived error and most often without any provocation. He frequently beat our mother, and made us witness the beatings of her and each other. In my teens years, I felt alone and isolated. Often angry, I began drinking alcohol, smoking cigarettes, and ditching school. When I wasn't absent, I was unprepared and disrespectful to my teachers. No one at home seemed to take notice or care, until my father was called to school to discuss my truancy and bad behavior with the principal. I vividly recall, as if it happened yesterday, getting a severe beating in the car on the way home that day. This did not induce the intended result and I continued to drink and smoke defiantly.

My excessive drinking resurfaced in later years with even more devastating consequences. This combination I believe is partially responsible for many of my poor business decisions that led to my crimes. At the same time, I was abusing the prescription drugs Ambien and Klonopin, further clouding my judgement. None of my siblings or I escaped our childhood without the scars of our father's abuse. For me, these memories are still open wounds that bleed fresh to this day. We were all adversely affected in different ways, from failed marriages and failed businesses to mental health problems. No one left our traumatic upbringing unscathed. Drugs and alcohol were used by my parents regularly. They drank whiskey and vodka and smoked opium (a socially accepted norm in Iranian culture) nearly every day with friends at our home or elsewhere in the neighborhood. My father most likely suffered from chronic depression and anger issues. There is a significant family history of mental illness on my mother's side of the family.

My eldest brother, traveled back to Iran to observe the new elections. He was arrested and jailed for his political involvement and tortured by the Iranian Republic Guards. My mother traveled to Iran in an effort to help release him from prison and she too was arrested, jailed, and tortured for similar crimes against the new Islamic state. Although they were released, this took its toll on the entire family. It was another major catastrophic events that shaped my life adversely. The Iranian hostage crisis followed soon after, later 9/11 and the rise of Islamic terrorism and Jihad. You see, your honor, we lost our home country and felt unwelcomes in our adopted home here in the U.S. Being Iranian-born, my family and I

experienced discrimination and alienation; suspected of being terrorists, we struggled to assimilate and survive in a society that appeared not to want us.

By no means, Your Honor, have I included any of this information in an attempt to excuse my criminal behavior. I take full responsibility for my crimes. I only share these adverse life events in an effort to help the Court understand the man who committed the crimes.

I yearned for respect and recognition worthy of a powerful man like my father, Despite his shortcomings, I loved him and I looked up to him. I found my self lacking his true strength and tried to compensate by seeking to become a successful businessman. I tried to re-make myself in his image, rather than find the person whom I truly am. I am not a businessman, I am a poet, writer, artist, and helper. I am also a devoted husband and father, but not a businessman like my father was.

My father trusted me when he left us and he told my siblings that I am in charge and I will manage the family and see to their needs. I am the youngest of my siblings, although his trust made me proud, I was ambivalent. I loved him and wanted to make him happy and looked up to him but at the same time I was fearful and recalled the beatings of our childhood. managing the family in his absence weighted heavily on me and I was not ready to face my own emotional turbulence and see to the needs of the family at the same time. I was unable to balance these different forces and I started making wrong decisions.

My entire adult life, I tried to make everyone happy in order for them to like me. I lived for others and not myself. I did what others wanted, to keep their opinion of me positive. Even my post-bachelor study of Architecture and Design was an attempt to garner the respect and admiration of others, to make up for my insecurities rooted in my childhood family dysfunction. Majority of my first wife's and my friends were all highly successful and sophisticated Europeans working with the World Bank in Washington D.C. I felt poor and uneducated in comparison. I felt inferior and lost, becoming even more lost over time. As a result of being away overseas for long periods of time, I lost my first wife as our marriage suffered irreconcilably. Though of my own doing, I do not wish to lose my beloved second wife and children.

My wife and three daughters define me. They are my reason for being, they are my saviors. I would not have survived these last several years without them. But without me, Your Honor, they are like a boat without a rudder. No matter how well built the boat, without the rudder, it will lack direction. My wife grew up in a small fishing village in the Philippines. Her family of five lived in a single-room hut by the sea. They had no electricity, running water, or indoor plumbing. It is this sense of simplicity along with her natural spirit that are some of her greatest assets. My wife is full of love, compassion, and empathy- she is pure of heart. Yet this same naivete and lack of worldly sophistication can be to her detriment in navigating today's fast-paced, complex, and all too often dangerous world. I fear that there are many who would take advantage of her kindness and lack of social awareness and could place her and my young daughters at risk. They need me, Your Honor to ensure their safety and security.

I have been in touch with my family every day that we were not locked down at MDC. I send them emails, call them on the phone and send them hand written mail and they try to visit me every month. As difficult as it may be to imagine, I have done my best to help them with their home work and with their physical and mental health needs. We read the same books on teen Psychology and exchange ideas on how they may react to difficult circumstances. I write them poems and we discuss the meaning and message I would like them to hear.

I have tried to use my time here at MDC Brooklyn to the fullest. Despite the extremely harsh conditions, I have been a productive and trusted member of the community In spite of my age and myriad of medical condition. Through the Education Department, I received tutor training and I am certified to teach GED as well as Adult Continuing Education courses. After exhausting the Education Department courses, I received permission from BOP to develop and teach new courses which have been added to the Sentry program. These include "Habitat for Humanity: How to Build a House," "Foundations of Leadership," and in progress now "Introduction to Poetry". I am proud to have been an instrument for may other inmates to receive their GED.

With the support of the Education Department, I have become the only inmate at MDC to be enrolled in a Correspondence Bachelor's degree program in Psychology at Upper Iowa University. Along with other inmates, I have formed a "Poetry Society," writing and reading aloud our own poems as well as that of our favorite poets. We have been successful in recruiting others inmates to participate in our weekly Poetry meetings and to our surprise, the sessions have become quite popular and more inmate poets are being developed. I have included a poem I wrote titled "Atlantic crossing" for the Black History Month Essay contest this past January, which to my great honor I was judged a finalist. The Poem was from the stand point of a Slave on a Dutch Slave ship leaving Nigeria for Americas in 1600s. I was very touched by the history of slavery when I lived in Nigeria for three years, supervising the construction of the U.S Consulate.

Black History Month Poetry Contest , 2023 Finalist

I am not seeking restitution
A hollow retribution
Long ago with lost pride
My ancestors arrived
With bleeding heart covered by their slashed hide
Riding the Atlantic tide
Tortured, unfed, shackled on the sea voyage
Separated from wife and son in bondage
He is a Yoruba
He can weather this and return
When they attempted to flee
With a temporary glee
They were promptly caught and lynched
Family lives unhinged
Sold or purchased with the farm
And the cattle without harm
Still churches filled up every Sunday
Yet fear was not held at bay
For master still got drunk
Calling the Yoruba man a punk
Master forced him self on the young black daughter
Killing her soul
The soft white cotton
Picked by her rough black skin
Heat of the sun on her back

Breeze blowing the cotton weeds
Reminded her of the African grass land
And jumping Gazelles
She traveled back in time
to worship her God
A tear dropped on the cracked earth
On her cracked soul

In addition, with the support and training in the Psychology Department, I am certified as a Suicide Watch Companion.

I believe I was able to help many inmates and I received several letters of commendation from different BOP offices. The job was extremely rewarding for it allowed me to connect with those suffering from severe depression, anxiety and hopelessness. I told them about my own family and faith and asked them to tell me about their family. I like to think I was helpful in making a tiny difference in their lives. This was a position of trust and Warden him self stopped by several times to reiterate that. Concurrently, I also worked on the staff of Religious Diet Section of Food Service. I previously worked as an orderly on another unit. All these positions were assigned only after earning the trust, and receiving the recommendation of the unit manager and Security. I have received letters of commendation from my Unit team manager, from Security office lieutenant and from the Department head of Psychology department.

I have no money and I own nothing. I lost my business and my reputation. At 68 years old, it is very unlikely that I could ever work again in my previous capacity even if I wanted to, which I do not. I look forward to using my knowledge of Architecture and Design and Construction for a non profit organization involved in low income housing. I would also like to complete my Bachelors degree in Psychology and become a part time social worker and help Prisoners and their families to cope with the separation and help them see the silver lining of a Prison experience.

George Bernard Shaw once said that "perhaps the greatest social service that can be rendered by anybody to the country and to mankind is to bring up a family." I hope your Honor finds me capable to bring up a family and help my daughters to become better members of the community than I was. I beg for the opportunity to be with them and spend the rest of my life in service to our country. Thank you.

Sincerely and with respect,

Sina Moayed